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JUNE. 1924

GRADUATION NUMBER

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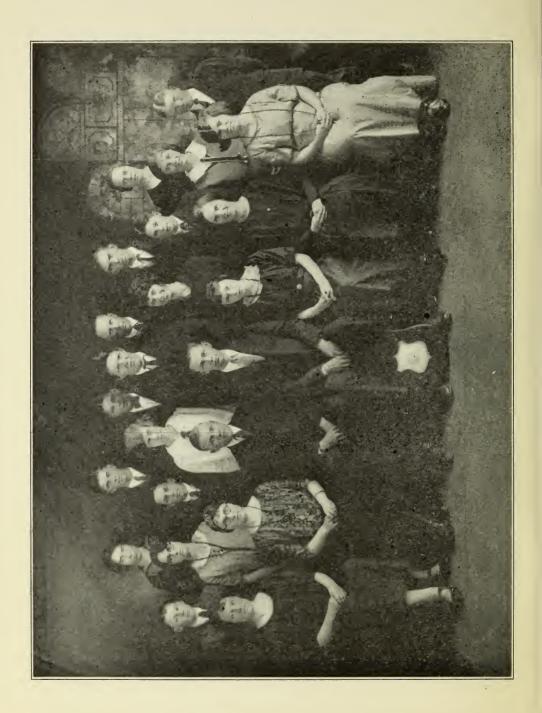


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The Student's Pen

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NO. 3.

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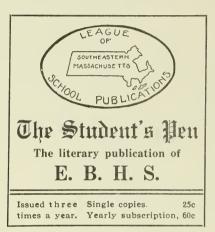
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EDITORIALS



YES, Spring is here again with it, all the usual awakening of life. Now the poet picks up his pen with renewed vigor; now the farmer, his hoe; and now the housewife, her broom. It is the time of year when every one is busy in E. B. H. S., and busiest of all are the Seniors. It is just before graduation and their time is more than filled. In this

bustle and excitement there comes a moment when the Seniors stop and think—the night of graduation. They sing their class ode, they listen to an address and to essays, and of a sudden they realize that their high school days are actually over. For four years they have practically lived in that school, and now they are leaving it forever. But graduation is not a time for looking back over the road which has been traveled; it is a time for looking ahead into the future. For many it is a step into the main highway of life which may be rather rough and stoney. For others, the road is to be reached by a less direct path, through schools of higher learning.

Graduation in colleges is not called graduation, but commencement. And so it is—the commencement of an entirely different life from what one has ever before lived. Until now the Seniors have been united (more or less), but now their paths will separate. They will meet different problems, make new acquaintances, see new sections of the country, and in every way become broader, better citizens than before. But though this be the commencement of a new life for the Seniors, we trust that they will never forget

the place that gave them their start in life, that showed them how to face difficult problems, the place that never should be forgotten—dear old E. B. H. S.

SMILES AND FROWNS

"It's best to keep a-smiling,
For a smile's a sort of net
With merry twists beguiling
Just the thing it wants to get;
So keep your smile a-spreading,
Think a happy thought or two,
And you'll find good things come heading
Straight for smiling folks like you."

A smile is the sunshine of the heart. How it brightens all hard work! How cheerful it is to be greeted with a winsome smile instead of a dark frown! But how often one meets a student with an obscure frown; merely glancing at him impresses one that he has a grouchy disposition. Perhaps not every day will he be in this dismal mood, but only when something has gone wrong. Possibly he has been reprimanded by his teacher concerning his unprepared lesson. Does he care? No, it doesn't worry him.

Don't be a grouch. A grouchy person makes his surroundings uncomfortable. No one of a sweet, good disposition cares to associate with one who is always grumbling. Should he go through life with an unwelcome frown?

Can you smile?

"Think a happy thought or two And you'll find good things come heading Straight for smiling folks like you."

Winifred Shores, '26.

LITERARY

A DAY AMONG THE HILLS

Was it the rattle of the milk cans that awakened me, or was it all the barnyard noise in general,—the bleating of the sheep, the bellowing of the hungry cattle, and the cackling of the numberless hens? At least the rattling of the milk cans was the most prominent sound at five o'clock on that July morning of my first day on a genuine, old-fashioned New England farm.

But my views of an old-fashioned farm with the romantic "horse and buggy" vanished when, ten minutes later, I found myself being jolted over a dusty road in a decidedly modern Ford truck. At least the road was genuinely oldfashioned, and I truly realized it as I vainly tried to keep my balance atop the milk-cans that we were taking to the station. We bounced over hills, slid into dales, and swung around curves until I would have lost all sense of direction had it not been for the sun which had just risen over the mist-wreathed hills in back of us. An early summer morning in the hills of western Massachusetts can surpass any picture ever painted by an artist. Far off are the chains of endless hills forming an indistinct outline, wrapt as they are in gray mist. A few of the nearer hills stand out prominently in their green freshness of early morn. Below us, the cold, dark valleys are filled with banks of fog into which we dip now and again, only to emerge into the bright sunlight on a hilltop. All about was the cool, almost cold, invigorating freshness of the morning air which no oil painting ever could portray.

Breakfast was ready when we returned, and what a breakfast it was! The meal began with pancakes and more pancakes, with maple syrup enough to float a battleship. I had just gorged myself with pancakes when a huge dish of oatmeal was put before me. So that was the way they did things, last course first and first course last! Would dinner begin with pie? I hoped so. Oatmeal is very good when

served with sugar and cream, and that oatmeal was good. But oatmeal, taken in the daily doses that were served me during my six weeks' stay at the farm, becomes rather distasteful. It was two years after I left the farm before I could be prevailed upon to eat another dish of it. At the word "oatmeal" I lost all my appetite.

There was a field to be cultivated that morning, and I was to guide the horse while Joe ran the cultivator. I wish to caution the uninitiated horse rider about his choice of mount. Don't start in with a farm horse. I did, and I suffered the consequences. A blanket was placed on the horse's back, and Joe assisted me to my high and lofty perch. Was I on? "Well,—not quite—." I replied. Another push, and I found myself seated on the ground on the opposite side of the horse. I surmised that I probably had not needed the second push. The next attempt was more successful, and soon we were on our way to the field. my mind was a vague picture of the horse-back riders at Brockton Fair. I recalled how straight they sat and how easily they rode. Likewise, I, too, sat very straight and held my reins at just the right angle, although I was minus the derby and riding-habit. And I soon found that the riding "habit" was a thing that I sorely needed. I certainly had not acquired one. Accomplished riders move with the movements of their horses, but I was not accomplished. The horse went down and I went up. horse went up and I went down. That horse would have made a fine juggler. As soon as I struck his back, I was bounced off again as if by a spring, and the spring was minus a cushion. The experiences of that morning were too painful to relate. It is enough to say that I survived and was able to eat a hearty dinner.

The program for the afternoon was a blackberrying party, and we started with baskets and pails for the blackberry patch. As I recall that afternoon, it was not the hot, melting sun that impressed me; it was not the scratching, tearing brambles, nor the dark luscious berries that interested me the most; the picture that stays in my mind is that of a little spring in the woods beyond the field. We left our pails by the roadside and started for the brook.

As we entered the woods, we heard the babbling stream, and soon we came upon one of the prettiest springs that I have ever seen. The rays of the afternoon sun filtered brightly through the tall green trees, tinting the leaves a most vivid and beautiful color. The edge of the pool was fringed with ferns of every description. The spring itself, bubbling up by a large moss-covered rock, was as clear as glass. But for only a small space was the water calm, and then it dashed wildly away, twisting and turning and losing itself among the ferns and mosses. There was an indescribable air of coolness about the place that refreshed us and started us joyfully running back.

Chores and supper were over, and we were sitting on the doorstep, three tired but happy boys. Somebody had the inspiration that it would be fun to see the sunset from the high hill in back of the house. We soon arrived on the hilltop, warm and breathless from the climb. At our feet lay the old farm, quiet and still; beyond it, in the valley, were the darkening woods and swamps covered with a thin veil of mist. Still farther away, rose the hills, their summits bathed in the last rays of the setting sun, which glowed like a ball of fire as it slowly slipped behind the blue hills in the distance. My eyes turned back to the old farm so calm and still by the roadside. As it stood there alone in the deepening shadows, it seemed to call me to enjoy its pleasures, it seemed to greet me and welcome me to its fields and woods. I accepted the greeting and obeyed the summons.

Edgar Grout, '24.

Mag: Say, did you ever hear of Manual Labor?

Neto: No, who is he?

Mag: Well, he is a professor in the college of Hard Knocks.

INISFREE

Here in the twilight, memory casts her cheerful gleams;
I see the house with cupola and pillars three,
The long-rowed garden and the knotted apple tree,

The hayloft where the children romp and jump with

While startled swallows dart among the score-marked beams:

I smell the fragrant wild grapes growing on the wall, I hear the ripple of the brook and waterfall,

I see the cows a-grazing and hear the farm boy's call. Oh take me back to Inisfree, the farm of all my dreams!

Elizabeth Harrison, '26.

AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. ALLAN LINCOLN SHIRLEY

Every town and city possesses a few citizens who take great pride in their own community. East Bridgewater is especially fortunate as she has many such citizens. Prominent among these is Dr. Shirley, whom the town of East Bridgewater is very proud to claim as a citizen. We were given an assignment in English class to interview some eminent person in our town. It was this which prompted me to see Dr. Shirley. I called him on the phone one afternoon to ask if he was willing to be interviewed and if so, when I might see him. He was not at home, and I left word for him to call me when he returned. It was most characteristic for him that he did not wait for me to see him, but that evening he drove up to my house. Coming in he greeted me with a friendly "Hello," and after inquiring for each member of the household, drew up a chair and sat down opposite me at the library table. With his elbows resting on the table and a sincere expression upon his face, he said, "Now you ask me what you would like to know, and I'll do my best to help you all that I can."

His interest in this small matter was just as great

as it had been in everyone of those nine town meetings which were held before the site for the new High School was finally obtained. He has taken a great interest in all town improvements, especially in projects that will benefit the young people. Every boy and girl in East Bridgewater is most grateful to him who did so much to help gain our present splendid High School building of which we are all so proud. We would see the same enthusiasm for any true cause, that made him shake his fists at his fellow citizens in the exciting battle to win the lot and high school building, and if another schoolhouse was to be built, I can see him hunting up his "fish-pole" to demonstrate his points.

Having known Dr. Shirley all my life, I knew that he had taken a keen and active interest in improving the sanitation of the Taunton River; therefore, I asked Dr. Shirlev if he would tell me what results had been gained by the group of men from East Bridgewater, who had worked untiringly with him. Then he told me that the cities and towns along the Taunton River in this vicinity as far as Fall River were turning quantities of sewerage from houses and trade wastes into this stream, containing vast amounts of potash. acids, dves, and oils which killed about all the fish and was most unhealthful to the people of this community. Shaw's pond at Matfield was especially affected. Several hearings were held in Boston at the State House, besides one in Taunton and another in Middleboro. The outcome was a bill passed through the Legislature to send a representative out to investigate the condition of the streams in East Bridgewater. By this investigation it was learned that the cost of improvements upon that part of the stream in East Bridgewater alone would be very great. If the State helped East Bridgewater, it would be obliged to do likewise for all the other towns. This seemed out of the question for the State to do anything at that time. However, this much was accomplished, the State ordered in four very fine fish ways, installing one at the Carver Cotton Gin Works in our town, one at the location of the Jenkins Paper Mills at Prattown, another at the Stanley Works in Bridgewater, and one at the sight of the Old Ames Shovel

Works at West Bridgewater. At this particular point this year a tremendous run of red perch has been reported.

I also asked him if he was not interested in reforestration. He said, "Yes, very much so; I have belonged to the Mass. Forestry Association for over twenty years." He told me he was at present chairman of the committee in E. B. on town forests. The object of this committee is to buy a large tract of waste land and with the aid of the state to replant it.

During our conversation he told a story and I had the pleasure of hearing his spontaneous, hearty laugh. One who has never heard Dr. Shirley laugh has surely missed much.

Not only as a man has Dr. Shirley shown his sincerity, but also in his profession. He is willing to go any where at everyone's beck and call and at all hours of the day and night. You surely must have recognized him by the rattle of his machine several minutes before he passed your house. Now that he has a new machine it is not so easy to detect his approach as in by gone days. I have heard him say, "Money or no money, I will come just as long as my patient needs my service."

Perhaps Dr. Shirley has inherited some of his strong characteristics from his ancestors, who were of notable English and Puritan New England stock. In England the Shirleys were early united with the Washingtons by marriage and it is stated that Shirley blood flowed in George Washington's veins. Dr. Shirley's maternal ancestors were Pages. In this family there was a long line of physicians.

Dr. Shirley was born, Feb. 15, 1865, in Fryeburg, Maine, Oxford County, and received his early education in the public schools of Fryeburg. He graduated from Fryeburg Academy, which was one of the three oldest in the state, in 1886 and from Bowdoin Medical College of Brunswick, Maine in 1890. Since his graduation he came to East Bridgewater, taking the practice of Dr. Asa Millett (retired), and has continued a successful practice here for thirty-four years.

While I was talking with Dr. Shirley he said to me, "My parents named me Lincoln, for Abraham Lincoln. I have always been a great admirer of Lincoln, not only as an orator, but also for his benevolence and love for all his fellow-men, and the personal sacrifices he made that he might make the lives of others more happy."

Beatrice Alexander Belyea, P. G.

DESTINY OF THE CLASS OF 1924

As you all know, in 1939 the moving picture industry moved its base of operations to the eastern part of the country, and the following day I visited the vacated studios to poke around, trying to find out some of the secrets of "behind the scenes." There among the discarded properties we wandered for hours. I was especially interested in sets used by Fairbanks in his picture "The Thief of Bagdad," and separating myself from the others. I spent hours among the crumbling ruins. In an imitation stone building, I entered a large barren room; it must have been gorgeously furnished at some time, for I found pieces of broken oriental vases and scraps of dusty old tapestry. I leaned up against the wall to picture to myself how it must have looked when it was furnished for the sultan's harem, when suddenly I fell backward through a secret door in the wall and landed in a room full of furniture.

Ah! I had fallen into the secret chamber where most valuable properties had been stored! I don't know how long I gloated over my find. In a drawer of a pearl inlaid cabinet, I found a curious rug, wrapped in a paper on which was written, "The Magic Carpet, the property of Douglas Fairbanks, last used in 'The Thief of Bagdad'." What a find! Oh, if it would only work! I took it out doors to a secluded spot, unrolled it, and sat upon it as I had seen Fairbanks do in the picture.

"Let's go," I said, but nothing happened. Remembering that some magic words were necessary before the thing

would locomote, I began, "Ene, mene, mini, mo"; nothing stirred, so I tried, "Open Sesame," but in vain; I followed this with, "Abrica Dabrica," but again nothing stirring. Becoming angry, I tried, "Veni, vidi, vici,"—no response. I repeated all the peculiar words I knew; then in disgust and as a last resort I dragged from my memory, "E. B. H., —E. B. H., Rah, Rah, E. B. H.—E. B. H., Rah, Rah, Hoo Rah."—I got no farther, for with a sudden lurch the rug leaped forward and shot up into the air out over deserted Hollywood at a tremendous rate of speed. I knew that if I didn't decide on some hoizontal direction to travel in, I would soon leave the earth's gravitation and be flung off into space, so I said, "Rug take me down to an altitude of five hundred feet, and carry me eastward." It was no sooner said than done.

Soon we were passing over a vast wheat field in the Middle West; among the men working in it, one seemed vaguely familiar. "Oh! I have it; he looks like my classmate, Perkins." No sooner had I said the name "Perkins" than the rug descended to the ground within ten feet of him. "Hi there, Perkins," I shouted, but he paid no attention. I knew then that the rug made me invisible, because he didn't even notice me when I shouted as loudly as I could. I jumped from my carpet and grabbed him by the arm. He was so flabbergasted that I thought he was going to faint. "By the livin' Jonah," he cried, "where did you come from? The sky?" "That I did," I replied, "I'm hunting up my old classmates and I want you to give an account of yourself." "Waal," sezze, "fer the past five years, I've been the boss aroun' these here diggins." Just then a voice from the house nearby, in none too gentle tones reached us, "Nelson Perkins, I thought I told you to wash them dinner dishes fur me before you went out in that field. Do yuh hear?" "Who is that?" I asked "Oh, that's my wife," he said wearily." "Fore I married her she was Harriet Sturtevant. She was travelin' with a theatrical company that went bankrupt over to the village two years ago last November. I guess I'd better be going in now. Goodbye." and I was left alone.

"Take me to see Hall and Grout," I commanded my

carpet. After a few moments of dizzy flight through the air, I was over a large city, Chicago. Ah! great fortunes have been made here; probably I shall find my old friends in a bank or other large institution. I descended to find myself before a rather indifferent looking building which bore the sign, "Eddie's Lunch." "I do feel hungry," I said, so I rolled my valuable carpet up, tucked it under my arm, and entered. "Check, Sir," The familiar sound of the voice startled me, I looked up, to see enthroned behind a resplendent cash register the beaming visage of Reffie Hall. "How did you get here?" I asked in amazement. "Why hadn't you heard that Eddie and I work here?" he replied. "We're joint managers of this joint; that's Eddie over there now," he added. I looked and saw a tall form staggering under the weight of a tray of dirty dishes and vanishing through a pair of swinging doors. Reffie continued, "Eddie's editorial training comes in handy as he now edits the menus for the company, and I'm glad I took that course in civil engineering because now I can at least be civil to patrons and hence keep their trade. Business is pretty slack at present but we hope after we get more funds, to hire an orchestra. Johnny Furtado's famous American House orchestra, now playing at the Walled-Off Castoria would about fill the bill for us, but as it is we have to put up with the radio. It's not so bad—listen to this." From the loud speaker blared forth in stentorian tones, "This is station WJAR, the Outlet Co., at Providence, R. I. Ladies and gentlemen, we are honored to present to you this evening the crowning triumph of radio broadcasting. We feel that in offering this recital to you this evening we have reached the climax of human attainment. The next voice that you will hear will be that of the world famous prima donna, Dorothy Bouldry." I would have enjoyed hearing her very much, but I had other classmates to visit, so I unrolled my carpet and beat it.

"Go to Helen Bump," I commanded it. Suddenly I found myself in a hospital, not as you might think, from receiving any special jolt, but because my faithful carpet had obediently taken me to see Helen Bump. She stood before me in her spotless uniform of white. "Why Helen,"

I said, "are you a nurse?" Crimson blushes suffused her face. "I am now," she said, "but next June I won't be." "What's going to happen next June, if I may ask?" "I'm going to marry Dr. Ralph Phillips; he was, you know, such a cut up in school that he is a wonderful surgeon, now," she replied. "He gets a big income, too, from the sale of his anti-love toxin." "What do you mean, anti-love toxin?" I asked, "Tell me about it." "Well, last year, Ralph, the dear boy, discovered a serum that cures the wildest cases of infatuation. No matter how chronic the case, this toxin is a sure cure for anyone." "You can't expect me to believe that," I said. "I guess you will when I tell you that after taking a two weeks' treatment, Evelyn MacKenzie and Newtie aren't even on speaking terms with each other." "Nuff sed, I'm convinced; but tell me, what is Evelyn doing now?" "She's in an old maid's home taking care of homeless cats," answered Helen. "You never can tell," quoth I.

After wishing Helen much joy I soared eastward again. Where was my little friend Vernon Norcross? My musings were interrupted by the deafening roar of a speeding airplane. It was coming directly at me, but veered to one side barely grazing my rug. As it went by, I caught a glimpse of a face that seemed familiar. "That looked like Hennessey." No sooner had I said it than my carpet rushed me alongside the plane. It was Hennessey, at his dreamed of place at the joystick, and prone upon one of the wings of the plane lay the inert form of little Vernon Norcross.

"What's happened?" I called to Hennessey.

He hollered back, "As I was returning from a cruise of seven times around the world without stopping, I passed over the E. Bridgewater Power Plant, and—he just landed there where you see him. I guess he was foolin' around those new oil burning boilers at the plant, and one of the things must have blown up. Guess he isn't badly hurt, but I'm rushing him to the hospital. It would be a shame if anything happened to the world's greatest authority on steam engines."

Then I commanded my carpet to take me to—well, I'll tell you later. We sped along eastward and soon I saw

what appeared to be a gigantic eye looking at me. Coming closer I saw it was painted on a signboard and that it bore a striking resemblance to other eyes I had seen. Behind the signboard was an extensive factory which bore the sign "Glass eyes made to order." I entered, wondering who could be the designer of such realistic imitations. Suddenly I was frozen in my tracks as I was confronted by the most subtle of human bewitchers—Ruth MacCormack. She was up to her old tricks of making eyes. She told me of her success in the business, (which was easy to believe), and I congratulated her and departed.

"Alice Roach wanted to be a school teacher; carpet take me thither." I found myself sitting on a train beside an agreeable looking lady whom I recognized as the object of my thoughts. After expressing her surprise at seeing me so suddenly, she told me that she had been teaching at Radcliffe ever since she had graduated from Normal School. It seems that the villain still persued her, for our talk was interrupted by a beautiful young man who came in and accosted her with tender words. She answered him by saying "Why, Wally, do sit down here beside me." I took the hint, bid her adieu, and went in quest of other fields to conquer.

I said, "Carpet, take me to the East Bridgewater High School. Maybe I'll find some of my classmates still there." Immediately I stood before a familiar desk and shivered as two eyes seemed to drill me through and through. Who do you think those eyes belonged to? Gertrude McNamara! She was saying, "I'll have you understand, Maynard Ellis, Jr., who is principal of this school. Don't you try to follow in your father's footsteps." "Maynard Ellis," I interrupted, "what is your father doing now?" "Oh dad? he's got a fine job now; he's driving a hearse; he is might good at it too, he's got such a sober expression. He got pinched for speeding the other day. The new chief of police, Red Keith, seems to have a grudge against pa since pa got that station on Cape Horn on the radio the other night."

This recital by Maynard, Jr., was abruptly stopped at this point by the noisy entrance of a man in athletic

togs, "Miss Gertrude McNamara, I give up, quit, resign; it's an impossibility to teach those numbskulls baseball; they're not even as good as the team of 1924." The speaker was Melville Cole. "What have you got to do with it?" I asked. "Well seeing as I've left my regular job at the Boston 'Y' to come down and make at team out of these fellows. I ought to have something to do with it; but I guess it's a useless job. It looks as though our new stadium was wasted. It is some stadium; it'll hold 25,000 people. It was designed and built by the foremost designer and architect in the country, Nelson Poole. You know he always wanted to be one." "I'm glad to hear of his success," I said, "can you tell me anything of any other of our classmates?" "Why yes, Ruth Blackwell is making faces." "What do you mean, making faces?" I asked. "Why she is making faces, painting them; you know she was studying painting and now she's remodeling visages, making homely people pretty. Her art has made her famous. And then there's Myra Trafton: ever since that red-headed fellow that she was going around with when we graduated, struck a vein of coal on Whitman Street, she's been living in Nova Scotia."

While we were talking, we were interrupted by the noise of a brass band. We rushed out to find that it was a circus parade. After the usual procession of mules, elephants, and zebras, had passed, a mounted herald announced the approach of the world's champion heavyweight pugilist, Raymond Hills. Soon he appeared, gorgeously attired in pink satin tights. He bowed to right and left, and goodnaturedly posed for the clamoring photographers. He passed on and soon our gaze rested upon a chariot drawn by four white horses. Enthroned on it was a woman with hair so long that it was carried by four children following the car. Behind them walked a man carrying a sign. "Don't be discouraged if your bobbed hair fails to grow out again; try Avis's hair grower." "Avis's," said Mel, "look Buck, that is Avis Copeland in that chariot as sure as you're living!"

It suddenly struck me that there were no women watching the parade, but every girl, maid, and matron paid no attention to either Hills or Avis; instead they were all

rushing toward the railroad station. From curiosity I followed, and I found myself in a mob which much have included all the female population of the town. They were all fighting, scrambling, pulling, and jostling each other. "What is it?" I asked, "a bargain sale?" "No, nothing like that ever happens in East Bridgewater," a bystander told me. "Then what are all these women trying to do?" "Why, trying to kiss him," I was told. "Kiss him, kiss whom?" "Why the sheik of the movies—you know him, John Howland! Watch!"

Just then I felt a pain in my head; I rubbed my eyes; where was I? I seemed surrounded by dust and rubbish. And what was this in my hand—a rug wrapped in paper. Slowly I came to my senses and found that I was still where I started from, in Hollywood; the rug, yes, that was real because I held it in my hand, but the rest, about my classmates, had all been a dream—yes—but dreams sometimes come true. Who can tell?

Merritt Buckingham, '24.

CLASS HISTORY

The Class of 1924 herewith submits a calendar of the four years spent so happily in E. B. H. S.

The first year—nothing exciting happened. That year seems to be in the remotest corner of our minds, except the fact that we felt mighty proud.

The second year we moved from Miss Barnes' room to the first Miss Sullivan's room where we spent a most peaceful and happy year. The middle of November of 1921 we laid plans for the annual Christmas party. The entertainment was a three act play, "Hope's Christmas Star." Grout started his career there as an actor of fame! The regular tree was enjoyed by all. Mr. Hawkes played the rôle of Santa Claus.

As I finish this short report of the activities and incidents of this marvelous class of 1924, I shall dwell on the last two years very minutely.

- Sept., 1922. Established permanent residence in Room III.
- Nov. 4. Chandler Shorthand Club Hallowe'en Party. That was the night the faculty saw themselves as others see them. You remember that Mock Faculty meeting and Ruth McCormack as Miss Barnes?
- Dec. 27. The Annual Christmas Party.
- Jan. 17, 1923. The Doe Dance. Harriet Sturtevant was the Royal Sheik of Araby.
- Jan. 3. The boys won the banner for interclass basketball games. Our boys have always been noted for their fame in athletics!
- Feb. 7. Dalton Day—Everyone enjoyed doing as he pleased for one whole hour.
- Mar. 14. League of School Publications had a meeting in East Bridgewater. A fine supper!!!
- Apr. 13. The Junior Prom this year was "A Rose Dance." Ralph Keith was general chairman; that's why everyone had such a good time.
- Apr. 23. Our two "sheiks" led the school in a campaign to obtain subscriptions to a magazine. They were none other than Hall and Grout.
- Apr. 28. Visiting day for the Allen Junior High School. Five members of our class were royal escorts to the future Freshies.
- May 9. Southeastern Massachusetts League of School Publications met at Rockland. This was the night E. B. H. S. was left off the list; consequently we had to eat by piece-meal.
- June. The funeral of 1923. On how dubious they did look when our orator Eddie Grout delivered, in a grand style, the eulogy. "We come to bury you, not to praise you."
- Sept. All set in Room IV. with our guardian angel, Miss Andrews.
- Oct. 16. League of School Publications met in Milton. Joe was assistant principal pro tem!

- Nov. 9. The Senior Dancing Party. Ralph Hall danced admirably, but he must have cold feet because he doesn't dance any more.
- Nov. Assembly for Thanksgiving by the Seniors.
- Dec. 14 and 15. "All Tangled Up" was presented to raise funds for the A. A. How gruesome was our "Eddie" as an undertaker!
- Jan. 4. The Leap Year Party by Sophs. Edgar Grout danced—on Harriet Sturtevant's new shoes!
- Jan. 25. Miss Sullivan left E. B. H. S. for Boston University. We all miss her, one way or another. Miss Foster is all right, just the same.
- Feb. 13. Prize Speaking Contest. If you want to know about how to run a chariot race ask Monsieur Buckingham.
- Feb. 25. Our principal left because of ill health, but we won't forget him.
- Feb. 29. The Winter Carnival by Chandler Shorthand Club. Remember that snappy "Blazer Chorus" and how they giggled?
- Mar. Avis Copeland submitted to bobbed hair.
- Apr. Buckingham handed in an essay on time!!!!
- Apr. 25. The Junior Prom—we were special guests of the Juniors, too.
- May 5. Town Election for Loyalty Day. Extensive campaigning was carried on by prospective office holders.
- May 6. Maynard Ellis appointed Town Clerk by the Selectmen of the Senior Class.
- May 8. Helen Bump had her hair bobbed. That makes four shameful (?) bobbed hair Seniors.
- May 22 and 23. "She Stoops to Conquer"—wonderfully acted. No further comments needed.
- June 2—19. The last sorrowful days of our school life, with graduation as a climax. Red letter days: freak day, day of the funeral, day of last exam, housecleaning day, and June 19 and 20.

CLASS WILL

We, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-four, being in our most sane and reasonable state of mind, which has not been wholly unbalanced within the last four years, do hereby will and bequeath to those dear, lamenting friends and teachers we leave behind us, the following chatels:

To Miss Barnes, our first lady principal, we leave the delightful knowledge that she has done her share toward sweeping out the cobwebs in our heads, and placing there instead an unlimited knowledge of English. To her, we leave our everlasting indebtedness, and many thanks for such wisdom as she has seen fit to impart to us.

To Miss Andrews we bequeath our happy home in Room IV. along with all the fancy engravings left on many desks, bits of gum parked in the most convenient places, left over scrap paper, and last, but not least, memories of our marvelous class-meetings where such corrupt politics and hot arguments were carried on.

To Mr. Sawin we will any and all ancient or decayed specimens of bugs, beetles, or fleas she may find in the Senior room when we have long since become the "dear departed."

To Mr. Reardon, the Senior class bequeaths its memories of many afternoon sessions and hopes that he may end his career in E. B. H. S. as successfully as he began it.

To Miss House we leave sufficient funds (if there are any left) to purchase her a nice new ring to signify, as we suspect, that she is in the last stages of single blessedness.

To Miss Bonney we leave the laughter and jokes that were cracked on Tuesday mornings during music period.

To Miss Henderson we leave the many exciting adventures during town-meeting and the bright remarks from the Civil Government class.

To Miss Foster, the Commercial Geography class in particular, wishes to leave their text-books and the unquestionably delightful memories of that historical and brilliant class.

To Miss Smith, we bequeath any lawsuits or divorce

cases that may have been brought up within the last four years.

And to those few remaining within the statuesque walls of E. B. H. S. who most need the divine guidance of our distinguished class, we leave these following chattels:

Helen Bump's rose petal complexion to Allison Churchill with the hopes that Allison may become as famous a blond as 1924's Cleopatra.

John Howland's new Ford and his ability to drive it, to Maurice Reed.

Evelyn MacKenzie's "dog-gone dangerous eyes" to Ruth Jenkins, but we hope she doesn't break as many hearts with them as Evelyn has in the past.

Dorothy Bouldry's bird-like chirps to Anna Murphy.

Avis Copeland's maiden modesty to Harriet DeChambeau with the earnest desire that it add to her already prevalent charms.

Raymond Hills' rapid speech to Burton Harrison, that Burton may in the future win two prizes in the same time that he could win one in the public speaking contests.

Melville Cole's vivid imagination to Freddie Boni, that Freddie may keep the school in excitement all the time as successfully as Cole has for the past four years.

John Furtado's formula for concocting Burke-like essays and speeches to Eldon Lauzon in case Eldon should want to throw the English class into a state of hysterics over his long impassioned addresses. We will also furnish a dictionary to aid Lauzon with his valuable legacy.

Edgar Grout's oratorical powers and his ability as a star actor to Stanley Soucy with the hope that he will make as much of them in the future as Edgar has.

Alice Roach's timely speeches to her next of kin, Walter Williams.

Ruth Blackwell's code of morals to Madeline Seaver with best wishes for Miss Seaver's prosperous and safe finish of high school. May her end be as glorious by the aid of these morals as Ruth's has been.

Merritt Buckingham's radio bug to Bloom, that Bloom may add this new speciman to his collection of insects in the Nature Club. Ruth MacCormack's vamping ability to Edna Norcross. Nelson Perkins' innocent air to William Geary.

Harriet Sturtevant's reputation as Pearl White to Marjorie Frost.

Maynard Ellis's eternal "Whadayu want to pick on me for?" to Elmer Campbell.

Ralph Phillips' "way with the wimmen" we bequeath with certain caution to Stephen Carleton.

Nelson Poole's dancing ability to Daniel Chuckran.

Gertrude MacNamara's exquisite brain capacity to Katherine Rogers.

Ralph Keith's humorous disposition to Eula Shaw.

Richard Hennessey's good-nature to Charlie Matthews. (He may need it at a future basket-ball game.)

Ralph Hall's motto: "Variety is the spice of life," with all due respect, we bequeath to Wilson Mills with our hope that Mills lives up to it as well as Ralph has.

Signed: Class of 1924, E. B. H. S.

Justice of the Peace: R. I. B. Witnesses: George Hastings,

Sir Charles Marlowe,

Stingo.

ALUMNI

"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?"

1889

Mrs. Clara E. Webber is editor-in-chief of Massachusetts Federated Women's Club paper.

1896

The class of 1896 is planning a reunion this summer.

1919

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin W. Webber are the parents of a son, Leo Morris, born March 18, 1924.

Miss Katherine Hennessey has been teaching for the past year at the Allen School.

1920

Miss Margaret Murphy is employed at the local drug store.

1921

Lawrence Archer is to be graduated this month from Wentworth Institute.

1922

Miss Marion Nutter is a demonstrator of the Underwood bookkeeping machine.

Miss Ruth E. Davis is to enter the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston next January to train for a nurse.

1923

Miss Dorothy Shaw is employed in Woolworth's Store in Brockton.

Miss Marion Redfield is making plans to enter Normal Art this fall.

Miss Norma Washburn will continue her studies at Chandler Normal School, Boston.

Miss Emilda Veronesi is extending her education by attending night school in Brockton.

Miss Vera Davis is completing plans for entrance into Boston University this fall.

Miss Grace Swift is to enter Bridgewater Normal this fall.

There is a comma between "me" and freezing." Pretty poor protection!

CLASS NOTES

1924

The Seniors gave the annual senior class play in Elmwood Hall, May 22 and 23. "She Stoops to Conquer" was given with great success, and the class is proud of the cast's dramatic ability.

Plans have been completed for graduation to be held in Town Hall, June 19th. Professor Conger of Knox College, Illinois, exchange professor at Harvard, will be the speaker.

The Senior Class Reception will be held June 20, in the Town Hall.

The Seniors observed Freak Day, Wednesday, June 4.

1925

The Junior Prom was held April 25. The different committees worked hard and made the affair the success that it was.

The Junior Class is selling candy in the High School corridor during the fifteen minute recess.

1926

The Sophomores are choosing their class rings for the Junior year.

At the close of school, they plan to take a trip to Nantasket Beach.

1927

The Freshman Class is planning to give a party to the Eighth Grade of the Allen School in order that the prospective Freshmen may become acquainted with the school and teachers before next fall.

C-l-: I am going to commune (commute) next year.



Ralph Phillips Ralph Hall Raymond Hills Melville Gole Helen Bump Evelyn MacKenzie Gertrude MacNamara Ruth MacCormack Harriet Sturtevant Edgar Grout Ralph Keith Nelson Perkins Maynard Ellis

EXCHANGES

We wish to comment upon the following papers:

"The Eastoner," Oliver Ames High School, North Easton, Mass. A good, well-balanced paper. Your stories as a general thing are good, and you have plenty of them.

"Peter's Piper," Peter's High School, Southborough, Mass. A fine literary department. Your headings for the various departments are clever.

"The Climber," Howard High School, West Bridgewater, Mass. A small issue, but your material is good. We like the essay on Lincoln by Gladys Cheney.

"The Parrot," Rockland High School, Rockland, Mass.

A very good paper. We like the arrangement and the designs at the head of the departments. Why not have a few original poems?

"The Hermiad," Hingham High School, Hingham, Mass. A well arranged paper. Your editorials are interesting.

"The Reflector," Weymouth High School, Weymouth, Mass. A good little paper. "The Miller of the Dee" was a clever article.

We have also received the following exchanges:

"The Cryptic," South Kingston High School, Kingston, Mass.

"Durfee Hill Top," Durfee High School, Fall River, Mass.

"Broadcast," Jamaica Plain High School, Boston, Mass.

"Menotomy Beacon," West Junior High School, Arlington, Mass.

"The Chimes," Scituate High School, Scituate, Mass.

"The Pilgrim," Plymouth High School, Plymouth, Mass.

"The Partridge," Partridge Academy, Duxbury, Mass.

"The Tauntonian," Taunton High School, Taunton, Mass.

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL

About the first of April, preparations for a baseball nine to represent E. B. High were commenced under the coaching of Mr. Reardon. A large number of the boys came out for the practice games, and every one seemed eager to see the baseball season begin. According to the results of the practice games, there seemed to be good hopes for a snappy team. After the practice games were under way, those candidates who were showing the best results were chosen for the regular team. A schedule of games was made, and, upon looking at it, one would find that we have played many of the best teams of the League.

The Team:

R. Keith, p.	Subs.	
M. Cole, c.	E. Hettrick, s.s.	
W. Williams, 1st	E. Nutter, 3rd	
S. Carleton, 2nd	D. Bannerman, c	
R. Hall, 3rd	M. Ellis, c. f.	
F. Boni, s.s.	S. Souci, c.	
T. Lowell, l. f.	W. Mills, c.	
R. Hills, c. f.	J. Rogers, s.s.	
C. Matthews, r. f.	H. Noel, 3rd	

THE SCHEDULE

	E. B.	Opponent
April 29—West Bridgewater at W. Bridgewater	7	20
May 2—Whitman at Whitman	1	21
May 7—Abington at E. B.	10	26
May 13—Rockland at Rockland	5	19
May 16—West Bridgewater at E. B.	3	5
May 20—Plymouth at E. B.	18	4
May 26—Rockland at E. B.	0	17
May 28—Plymouth at Plymouth	6	4

FUNNIES

Our Idea of Nothing at All-

The position of Elmwood ticket agent. The job of Silent Policeman.

Miss H.: Name some natural beauties in E. B. Brightness: There aren't any. They are all painted.

Beastly Queries

How often does a bull-doze off?

Does every cowhide then?

Was what the pigment when he squealed

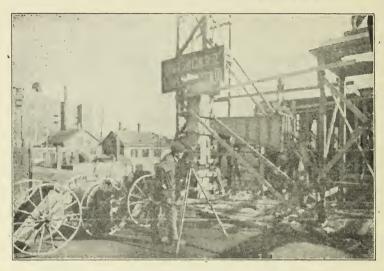
That he wished a fountain pen?

Will sailors climb the mastiff they Suspect the ship will sink? And when you drown her puppies dear What does the dogma think?

Did robbers robin sight of all
The maiden dear to me?
And when you spider did you fly
To come and setter free?

Or have you seen the duckweed all My garden plots for me? And if that vision gets your goat, Will you be my goatee?

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REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

Graduates of the East Bridgewater High School who have included algebra to quadratics and plane geometry in their courses of study are admitted without examinations.

EARNINGS

The earnings of the students for their services with co-operating firms vary from \$250 to \$600 per year.

APPLICATION

An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalog. Copies will also be mailed upon request. Applications for admission to the school in September, 1924, should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

CATALOG

For a catalog or any further information in regard to the school, address

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SCHOOL NEWS

The Senior Class presented its play "She Stoops to Conquer," by Oliver Goldsmith, May 22 and 23. The following took part: Ralph Hall, Edgar Grout, Evelyn Mac-Kenzie, Ruth MacCormack, Harriet Sturtevant, Melville Cole, Helen Bump, Raymond Hills, Ralph Keith, Gertrude McNamara, Maynard Ellis, Nelson Perkins, and Ralph Phillips.

The honor of valedictorian has been awarded to Ralph Hall and the honor of salutatorian to Edgar Grout. Eleven other members of the class were on the honor roll.

On March 26 at assembly, Col. Churchill gave a talk on the "Military Training Camp," which was enjoyable to all. It was especially helpful to those boys who are planning to enter the military training camp this summer.

The annual Junior Prom, held this year on April 25, was a successful party. The hall was attractively decorated with apple blossoms and streamers of pink and green. Members of the faculty and Supt. E. H. Grout and Mrs. Grout acted as matrons and patrons. Much credit is due Ruth Jenkins, chairman of the general committee.

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SCHOOL NEWS-Continued

On May 28 at assembly, a very interesting and instructing talk on "The Opportunities Open to Men and Women in Business," was given by Prof. Smith, of the vocational department of Boston University.

Appropriate exercises were held in assembly May 29, in observance of Memorial day. Rev. F. S. Gredler was the speaker.

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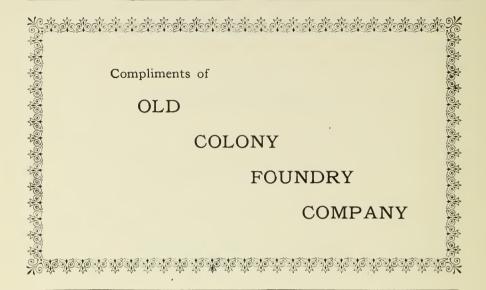
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An Exam the Seniors Would Like to Have

Who said, and under what circumstances:

- 1. Do you want a fight?
 Sure!
 Where??
 Anywhere!!
 When?????
 Anywhen!!!!!!
- 2. Could you please tell me what it was?
- 3. I understand and I hope that you understand that it was a misunderstanding.
- 4. Ay, mind how I hold my hands.
- 5. I hope, Sir, that notwithstanding the austerity of the

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- chair, your good-nature will incline you to some degree of indulgence towards human frailty.
- 6. Kate, Kate, art thou not ashamed—te-he—to deceive —ha-ha-ha—your father so-o?
- 7. You were so nice and busy with Goose-bags and Shake-greens that I never thought you were making believe.
- 8. For he sometimes whoops like a speaking trumpet.
- 9. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.
- 10. My place is to be nowhere at all so I'se go about my business.
- 11. We wanted no Ghost to tell us that.
- 12. Hi, now they're all tangled up.
- 13. Vernie, is the daughter of the ice-cream girl.

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HERE AND THERE

Did any student of E. B. H. S. fail to notice Bloom's very up-to-the-minute harem at the Junior Prom? We all wonder what Bloom meant to celebrate.

We have several mysteries connected with the Junior Prom which are, as yet, still unexplained. First, the reason for Miss House's inexplicable absence from school directly after the Junior Prom. Did anyone see her at the dance? If so they may find a clue. Second, the mysterious disappearance of the two Ruths, which was so sadly lamented by two certain people. Third, the reason for Red Keith's desertion of Bachelor Hall.

The faculty thinks it decidedly undignified as well as indicative of very poor taste on the part of Walter Williams, who, while assisting Mr. Reardon in the basketball

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throwing, suddenly seated himself so carefully in the waste can in front of the school. The faculty goes even further by suggesting that if he continues to have these sudden desires for sitting down, he should not choose the waste can which he filled up so effectively, as Mr. Morey may have some objections.

We have a new use for rouge in E. B. H. S. Ask Ruth MacCormack. She it is who one day stood before the mirror and, while conversing excitedly about her latest male acquisition, plastered rouge all over her nose! How confusing these combination vanity cases are, anyway!

The various officers who were chosen to officiate about town on Loyalty Day must feel very elevated after being so successfully sworn into office by Maynard Ellis, in order that they might "fill full" their positions correctly.

The Student Pen Staff is wondering if Red Keith is still

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picking glass out of his pocket. A most shocking catastrophe occurred at one of the rehearsals of "She Stoops to Conquer" when Ray Hills struck Keith's hip pocket and caused a flask used as part of the stage property to break, spilling the contents all over poor Red's person. As the dignified Diggory, he advanced upon the stage where his plight completely overcame Miss Andrews—and Red lost his dignity and sought refuge in the wings.

Great confusion reigns in the Senior Room! The class of 1924 has lost two of its bachelors! Ralph Keith and Ralph Phillips! Of course we all know who roped Rufus in, but Phillips! Much credit is due the brave female who has accomplished this daring feat. She is none other than the rosy-cheeked, Dorothy Flood!

The Observant Citizen.

Rand's Pictures are Mighty Good! Try Them. 1924 Class Did.

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25 Pictures \$7.00 and No Enlargement

12 Pictures \$5.00 and No Enlargement

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